

Something for the New Year.

The world-renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity, year after year, is a testimony to the fact that a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets Hostetter's Almanac. This medical treatise is published by the Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing sixty hands in that department. The issue of same for 1899 will be over eleven millions, printed in nine languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The Almanac for 1899 can be obtained, free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

They Forget To.

I think, said the Dear Girl, that it is a good rule to think twice before speaking once.

Yes, said the Savage Bachelor. I've had a dozen married men tell me that same thing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The sweet young thing: But why should not women enter politics? The savage bachelor: Too many bosses there now.—Indianapolis Journal.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by A. C. Ireland.

Mr. Hayseed arriving at city hotel: I suppose I can hear the gong here when it rings for dinner, can't I, Clerk? The clerk: We have breakfast from 6 to 11, dinner from 12 to 6, supper from 6 to 11. Mr. Hayseed: Jeppophat! How am I to get time to see the city. —New York Weekly.

Wonders will never cease. I just saw a stone walk. Poo! That's nothing. I have often seen a brick building. —Philadelphia Times.

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it? Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best? If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Rose: Was he on his knees when he proposed? Mary: No; but I was.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Missus angrily: See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust on this mantlepiece. Bridget admiringly: There's nothing like education, after all, is there, mum.—Roxbury Gazette.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of the pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by A. C. Ireland.

You look dreadfully battered; how is that? Wife has been pelted with flowers. Why, that wouldn't mark you in that fashion. Oh, they were in the pots.—London Judy.

New Mexico Territorial Educational Association Meeting, Las Vegas, N. M., Dec. 26-29, 1898.

For the above occasion the Santa Fe Route will place on sale tickets to Las Vegas and return for one fare for the round trip (\$3.35). Dates of sale Dec. 26 and 27, 1898, good for return passage until January 1, 1899.

H. S. Lutz, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M. W. J. Black, G. P. A., Topoka, Kas.

PROPOSALS FOR DORMITORY AND WATER AND SEWER SYSTEM.—Department of the Interior, Office of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C., Dec. 30, 1898.—Sealed proposals, including proposals for Dormitory and Water and Sewer System, Phoenix, as the case may be, and addressed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C., will be received at the Indian Office until 1 o'clock p. m. of Wednesday, Jan. 25, 1899, for furnishing all the necessary material and labor required for the construction and completion of one brick dormitory and of one water and sewer system at the U. S. Indian School, Phoenix, A. T., in strict accordance with the plans and specifications and instructions to bidders which may be examined at the Indian Office, Washington, D. C.; the offices of the "Arizona Republican," of Phoenix, A. T.; the "New Mexican," of Santa Fe, N. M.; the "Times," of Los Angeles, Cal.; the Builders' and Traders' Exchange, Omaha, Neb.; at the U. S. Indian Warehouse, 1002 State St., Chicago, Ill.; and at the above named school. For any further information application should be made to S. M. McCowan, superintendent of Indian School, Phoenix, A. T. W. A. JONES, Commissioner.

NERVITA Restores VITALITY, LOST VIGOR, AND MANHOOD

Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indiscretion. A nervous tonic and blood-builder. Brings the pale glow to pale cheeks and restores the life of youth. By mail \$50 per box. 6 boxes for \$2.50 with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Nervita Medical Co., Elgin & Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ernest H. Ross, Santa Fe, N. M.

Holiday Rates—Santa Fe Route.

A rate of one fare for the round trip will be made for Christmas and New Year holidays, tickets will be sold Dec. 24, 25, 26 and 31, 1898, and January 1 and 2, good to return until January 4, 1899. For particulars call on agents of the Santa Fe Route.

H. S. Lutz, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M. W. J. Black, G. P. A., Topoka, Kas.

EARTH BOUND.

Though from the body I am past, To the earth I am bound fast. Immortal voices call me low, I may not go, But like a bird out of the night, But ever in this warm light, I heard an angel say, "Come away!" I answered, "Let me hide Where I have died Near to the blowing grass and sun, Where I have run, And then I said: To pine about the green And watch the budding lane And hear the rain, To pine about the green And hush the sheen! Oh, rare, rare, Are human faces, human hair!" Spirit am I, but cannot be, Go from these ancient pastures wet, Though from the body I am past, To the earth I am bound fast. —Stephen Phillips in Literature.

THE PROMPTER.

He was only a prompter in one of the little German theaters which one finds in up stairs halls and rickety places of amusement along Third Avenue in New York.

If any one had told him five years before he began his career by prompting a company of German comedians in "Die Fleckenmaus" that he should have to earn his bread and butter in such a lowly way he would have thrown bricks at him.

A prompter! He started out in life as a first lieutenant in a regiment of Prussian chevau-légers. With intemperance which his family had at its command he might have become a general, when the unfortunate outcome of a duel drove him from home to foreign shores. A woman had been the cause of it—a cold, heartless coquette, who threw him aside as she would have cast off an old glove when he had no longer position and the expectation of wealth.

In New York he had tried to obtain a position commensurate with his social standing and his education. Like thousands of others, he failed. From a waiter in a Bohemian restaurant he became a comedian in a shack of a playhouse, where the price of admission was 20 cents on Saturdays and Sundays and 5 cents during the rest of the week. Fate had been unkind to him by throwing him into the clutches of a really vulgar manager, who was always in arrears with the salaries, that at best were small and insufficient for anything beyond the merest necessities. A few weeks sufficed to cure him of the footlight fever, and the erstwhile lieutenant gladly accepted the offer of a steady job as prompter in a little theater a few shades better than the one he had just left.

The proprietor ran an eating house in conjunction with his temple of the muses and was always prompt in the payment of his dues. Hans Karl Lemkin became a prompter, and because he did not have to hunger and thirst any longer, ending his meals at his employer's table, he remained a prompter all his life. It isn't very strange that the terrible shock to his brilliant expectations should have crushed all the spirit out of him. The meager comforts of his existence satisfied him. If he had any ambitions to soar beyond the narrow confines of his box nobody ever heard of them—yes, one.

She was a woman of course. Like himself, she had come from the fatherland. She was a child prodigy in the old country, and when she grew older some manager picked her up and brought her to America. The company, of which she was the leading woman, became stranded on a barn storming tour in Canada, and naturally the girl drifted to New York. Her first metropolitan engagement was obtained in the little house in which Lemkin did the prompting. The girl was young and pretty and might have been a sister to the woman who had forsaken the poor prompter in his trouble, so strong was her resentment, others who paid homage at her shrine were well provided with this world's goods. She needed their money for her advancement, and she also needed Karl's good will while she played in the little German company in the Third Avenue playhouse.

The prompter watched over her with the fidelity of a dog. He carried her basket with the tongs back and forth between her home and the theater, he took her home at night and he discreetly got out of the way when others more favored sought to entertain her.

It was a sorry love-making on his part—a sort of comfortable exchange of affections as far as the woman was concerned. She had promised to marry him at the end of the season, and that satisfied the poor fellow and filled him with happiness, which he never expected to feel again. He had been frugal and economical and saved a little out of his scanty earnings. As soon as they were married he would go into some business and earn a fortune for her. Yes, there was the new incentive that would bind him to life with stronger links than heretofore.

The season neared its end, and Karl's happiness grew in proportion. Magda became more loving and thoughtful of her betrothed's feelings, and he had not a moment's doubt that she was faithful to him. One day he was called away from his usual haunts by a letter from his home, wherein he received the welcome information that a distant relative had died and left him a comfortable bequest. He had no time to communicate this stroke of good luck, which came at such an opportune time, to his sweetheart, but hastened off to be identified with some lawyer and obtain a power of attorney to send abroad that the money might be collected for him.

Being unacquainted with the people and methods of so large a city as New York, he took young Lemkin many hours before he accomplished his purpose. When everything was arranged satisfactorily he set out for home. On the way he would call at Magda's home and communicate to her the happy news. He pictured to himself their wedding, their happy life in some pretty cottage in Harlem or across the river on Hoboken heights. Way into the future the young man sent his dreams, and all seemed fair and bright once more.

When he arrived at Magda's lodgings, there was no response to his repeated knocks. She may be out, he said to himself, and proceeded to make himself comfortable on the stairs to await her coming. He might have been sitting in the shadow of the stairway for an hour or more, lost in little thoughts, when the front door was thrown open and Magda's landlady entered.

"You, Mr. Lemkin?" she said. "I did not expect you till tomorrow. Miss Magda thought you might come then, and in that case she told me to give you this note."

The woman took from the pocket of her apron a crumpled letter, which she handed to Lemkin.

Likewise to his skin. A mustard plaster is not a very potent subject; but, ah, how warily it appeals to a man's feelings!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Home-seeker's Excursions.

From all principal points in the east home-seekers tickets will be on sale at one fare plus \$2 for the round trip, to all points on the A. T. & S. F. Ry., Santa Fe Pacific and Southern Pacific R. R. Tickets will be on sale October 4 and 18, November 1, November 15, December 6, December 20. Good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within 31 days of date of sale. For particulars call on agents of the Santa Fe Route.

H. S. Lutz, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M. W. J. Black, G. P. A., Topoka, Kas.

to Lemkin. "She left early this morning," she added; "quite early."

Lemkin paid no heed to the woman's remark, which he did not understand. A letter from Magda to him, whose handwriting he had never seen, was such an unusual thing that it stunned him. With trembling fingers he tore the letter from the envelope. He did not have far to read before he understood that Magda had left him on the eve of their wedding. "I am ambitious," she wrote, "and I think I can get along better without you. You are nothing but a poor prompter, and that is probably all you ever will be. I love you dearly, but I love my future better. Forgive me."

The courage of the soldier, the calling for which he had been bred, came to his rescue. "If I am sorry I missed seeing her," he said to the landlady, "before she left, but I can write to her. She left me her address in this letter."

It was a falsehood which he spoke with stern lips, because he did not want to betray to the old woman that he had been jilted. Then he went away, resumed his duties at the theater that night, and answered cheerily all questions about Magda, who had secured a release for the last few days of her term.

Years have passed since then. The poor prompter is a prompter still, but no longer in a little obscure theater on Third Avenue. He has moved along with the playhouses to better quarters and receives a comfortable salary from a first class manager, whose assistant he is, while he still follows his calling as prompter.

Karl Lemkin has not aged much, and if there is any change in him it is for the better. He wears better clothes than he used to, and his face always has a happy smile. Every night he is accompanied to the theater by a little old lady. When he has accompanied her to a seat in the auditorium, he goes to the prompt box, and when the play is over the old lady waits for him until he comes to fetch her. Then the two trudge home together, and on the way they always talk. They seem to have so much to say to each other. Maybe because they have to make up for lost time.

The little old woman is Karl's wife, and she is the same Magda who once so basely jilted him. One day five years ago, when Lemkin came to the theater, the manager said to him:

"I have engaged a new dresser, Karl. She is an old woman, and I want you to assist her all you can if she should need your help. I think she'll suit us better than that frivolous young thing we last had, who was always late and never around when she was wanted."

So Karl on his way to the prompt box stopped to inquire for the new dresser woman. The leading lady took him to her room, where the prompter came face to face with Magda, old and wrinkled now, for 30 years had passed since he had seen her last.

What use to speak of their joy? What use to relate Karl's tender condoling of all that lay between that day and now? A few weeks later they were married, and if love can make the old young and wipe out from their memories the bitter past, Karl has found at last what seemed to have forever slipped from his grasp.—St. Louis Republic.

Prize Money In 1769.

To the English victors of Havana belonged the spoils, and very rich and important these were.

Besides the nine Spanish men-of-war found intact in the harbor, which, added to the three sunk in the entrance and to one or two others captured outside in the course of the operations, formed about one-fifth of the naval power of Spain and seriously crippled her for the rest of the war, no less an amount than \$3,000,000 was realized in prize money by the capture of this wealth.

Of this great sum are told that Alphonse and Pocock, as commanding respectively the land and sea forces, received no less than \$122,097 each, while Commodore Keppel's share amounted to as much as \$24,539, and doubtless his great General Kessel, received an almost equal sum. Thus the Keppel family benefited by this expedition to the tune of considerably over \$150,000, and it is recorded that General Elliott, with his share of the prize money, purchased the estate of Heathfield in Sussex, from which he afterward took his title. Such were the solid rewards obtainable in war in the last century, when the profession of arms was for the successful soldier considerably more lucrative than it is at the close of the nineteenth century.—Nineteenth Century.

The Canal Man.

A canal man, unless there happens to be a member of his family who can help him, hires a man called "the hand." The men who run the boats come from various positions in life to become canal men. Some have been farmers, others farmers along or near the canal and not a few have been born and lived all their lives on a canal boat. Perhaps one of the most unusual cases is that of a well educated man, who was formerly a Methodist minister, but is now and has been for several years living with his family on one of these boats and driving mules for a living.

The majority, however, are rough and ignorant, and the proverbial swearing is to be heard in its most repulsive forms. One notices frequently a lame or crippled man in charge of a boat, and this is one of the few positions in which a maimed person is able to earn a livelihood. A canal man's family, if he has one, lives with him on the boat during the open season, and the rest of the year some live on little plots of ground, often too small to be called farms, or perhaps they may live in one of the larger towns near by.—Elle Belle Appel in Godey's Magazine.

The Sergeant's Tribute.

After the battles of Wesselsburg and Worth, which he had won, the crown prince, afterward Emperor Frederick, was snatching alone one evening past a barn occupied by a party of Wurttemberg troops. Hearing something like stumpratory going on, the prince opened the door and looked in. Every one rose.

"Oh, sit down! I'm sorry to disturb. I dare say there's room for me to do the same," said the prince. "Pray, who was making a speech?"

All eyes were turned on a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance looked, however, sorely puzzled when the commander in chief asked:

"And what were you talking about?" Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed:

"Well, of course we were talking of our victories, and I was saying something about these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us, we would have had short work of those confounded Prussians!"—London Illustrated News.

Like-wise to his skin.

A mustard plaster is not a very potent subject; but, ah, how warily it appeals to a man's feelings!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MAGAZINE AND LAW BOOK BINDING

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. New Mexican Printing Company, Santa Fe - - - N. M. Send for Styles and Prices.



The Amen! of marriage is always a baby. Without it, wedlock is a summer field that never blooms. A man never buds, a night without stars, a sermon without a benediction, a prayer without an Amen.

There never was a husband worthy of the name, who did not aspire to be the father and the grandfather of healthy capable children to hand down his name and the fortune accumulated by the sweat of his brow, from generation to generation. There never was a wife fit to bear that noble title, who did not wish to wear womanhood's most glorious crown, the sceptre of motherhood. Thousands of wedded couples, otherwise happy, fall short of wedlock's greatest happiness because they are childless. In the majority of cases, this is because the wife, through ignorance or neglect, suffers from weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. For women who suffer in this way there is one great medicine that does not fail to accomplish its purpose. It is directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the shattered nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It quickens and vitalizes the distinctly feminine organism. It banishes the maladies of the expectant months and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the distinctly feminine organism in plenty. It is the best supportive tonic for nursing mothers.

Mrs. Jennie Parks, of Marshall, Spokane Co., Wash., writes: "I am glad to tell of the good results of your great medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was benefited by your medicine in confinement. It gave me strength. I have no tired feeling and my baby is the picture of health. I feel better than I have in ten years."

In cases of constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used as an adjunct to the "Favorite Prescription," which are extremely simple, perfectly natural and insure prompt and permanent relief.

Expensive.

First Crook.—Say, Bill, what did do washed up?

Second Ditto.—Three months on de island.—New York Journal.

Sacrificed on Patriotism's Altar.

Reuben Raffance—My opinion is that us farmers suffered more from this here war than any other class of people in the country.

Henry Hoscon—Oh, I dunno as they have!

Reuben Raffance—Dunno as they have! Why, looky here, Hank. Ever since Squire Rusty, down at the Corners, began to git the civil paper crumpled, he's been in 'tended to anywhere in this hull county. —Up to Date.

To Be Carefully Considered.

"There are some very sincere doubts," said the offhand statesman, "about the utility of a census and the mixed population that it gives rise to."

"Yes," replied the friend, who was cornered and had to listen. "There's Aguilardo. I understand he's very reluctant about taking in all these wild, bloodthirsty American Indians."—Washington Star.

A New Terror.

Housekeeper—What's that horrible noise?

Servant—It's an Italian organ grinder munn, with a awful screechy organ.

Housekeeper—Horror! Give him some money quick and tell him we have to know him play. We can't be too careful, you know. Maybe he belongs to the Mafia.—New York Weekly.

His Last Request.

Soldier Sammy—Kin I ask yer modus operandi?

Leader of the Vigilantes—Sartin! Arter we gets ther rope round yer neck we puts ye on a box an then kicks it from under.

Soldier Sammy—Anything but a soap box, ole pard! Anything but a soap box! —New York Journal.

Mr. Hardin Norris, clerk of the drug store of R. Shoemaker, Perry, Ill., says:

"A man came into our store the other day and said, 'I want a bottle of that stuff that saves children's lives. I read in the News about it. The children may get sick when we can not get the doctor quick enough. It's the medicine you sell for croup.' He alluded to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a bottle before he left the store. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

A Frigid Combine.

"There's the coldest deal yet," snapped the hardware dealer to his head clerk.

"What's that?"

"They're getting up a refrigerator trust."—Detroit Free Press.

Superfluous Action.

"Ma, we ain't got comp'ny for dinner."

"No, little Tom."

"Well, what makes you stick your little finger out when you drink tea?" Chicago Record.

ALAMOGORDO

NEW MEXICO. THE CITY OF MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN ANY KIND OF CLIMATE YOU WANT! THE SACRAMENTO MOUNTAINS AND THE GREAT VALLEY

THE SMOOTHEST TRAIN IN THE UNITED STATES.

On Sunday, November 29, the Burlington Route made a radical change in the schedule of the Chicago Special, its finest and fastest Denver-Chicago train. Heretofore, this train has left Denver in the morning—immediately after the arrival of D. & R. G. and Colorado Midland trains from the west. It now leaves at 1:40 p. m., arriving at Omaha in time for breakfast next morning, and at Chicago at 8:15 p. m. the same day. In other words, it runs 1,046 miles in 29½ hours—an average rate of speed of about 36 miles an hour. There are not half a dozen long-distance trains in the United States which are scheduled faster than 36 miles an hour. And there is not one—not a single one—which has as good a record as the Chicago Special for being "on time all the time."

The equipment of the Chicago Special consists of one sleeping car, one dining car, one library and two chair cars. The cars are of the newest design, and have been in service less than six months. All of them have the new wide vestibule, and are lighted with Pintsch gas. The sleeper is upholstered in peacock-blue, and contains twelve sections and a drawing-room. The toilet rooms are unusually roomy—a circumstance to which much of the train's popularity is due.

In each of the two reclining-chair cars are seats for 56 persons, ladies' and gentlemen's toilet-rooms (with soap, marble wash-basins, comb, brush, towels, and an abundance of water, both hot and cold), and a smoking-room upholstered in leather.

Of the eleven dining-cars operated by the Burlington Route, none is finer than that on the Chicago Special. It is as bright as a new pin. The linen is spotlessly clean, the service is prompt, and on every table is a gorgeous bouquet of American Beauty roses, one of which the waiter affixes to your coat when you have finished your meal. Best of all, the à-la-carte plan prevails—you only pay for what you order.

The library car is the men's favorite retreat. It is a veritable club-house on wheels, a place where comfort reigns supreme, and where the necessity for exerting one's self is reduced to a minimum. If you want anything—today's paper, the monthly magazines, a cigar, a bottle of apollinaris, or a pillow—press a button and the smiling attendant brings it to you.

The Denver Republican calls the Chicago Special the "smoothest train in the United States." The phrase describes it to a nicety. It is a smooth train—inside and out. Its furnishings are in admirable taste, and the truck over which it glides is perfection itself. Fortunately the traveler who goes east to King's fare no better when they travel, than he.

Santa Fe Route

A. T. & S. F. TIME TABLE

(Effective Nov. 2, 1898.)

Going East	Read Down	Coming West	Read Up
No. 17, No. 1	No. 22, No. 1	No. 17, No. 1	No. 22, No. 1
12:50 p. m. Ar. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:30 p. m.	12:50 p. m. Ar. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:30 p. m.	12:50 p. m. Ar. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:30 p. m.	12:50 p. m. Ar. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:30 p. m.
4:30 p. m. Ar. Las Vegas, Ar. 1:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m. Ar. Las Vegas, Ar. 1:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m. Ar. Las Vegas, Ar. 1:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m. Ar. Las Vegas, Ar. 1:30 p. m.
7:20 a. m. Ar. Alamosa, Ar. 4:30 p. m.	7:20 a. m. Ar. Alamosa, Ar. 4:30 p. m.	7:20 a. m. Ar. Alamosa, Ar. 4:30 p. m.	7:20 a. m. Ar. Alamosa, Ar. 4:30 p. m.
8:20 a. m. Ar. Trinidad, Ar. 3:30 p. m.	8:20 a. m. Ar. Trinidad, Ar. 3:30 p. m.	8:20 a. m. Ar. Trinidad, Ar. 3:30 p. m.	8:20 a. m. Ar. Trinidad, Ar. 3:30 p. m.
9:10 a. m. Ar. Durango, Ar. 2:30 p. m.	9:10 a. m. Ar. Durango, Ar. 2:30 p. m.	9:10 a. m. Ar. Durango, Ar. 2:30 p. m.	9:10 a. m. Ar. Durango, Ar. 2:30 p. m.
12:50 p. m. Ar. Pueblo, Ar. 7:30 a. m.	12:50 p. m. Ar. Pueblo, Ar. 7:30 a. m.	12:50 p. m. Ar. Pueblo, Ar. 7:30 a. m.	12:50 p. m. Ar. Pueblo, Ar. 7:30 a. m.
2:30 p. m. Ar. Ar. Colorado Springs, Ar. 6:30 a. m.	2:30 p. m. Ar. Ar. Colorado Springs, Ar. 6:30 a. m.	2:30 p. m. Ar. Ar. Colorado Springs, Ar. 6:30 a. m.	2:30 p. m. Ar. Ar. Colorado Springs, Ar. 6:30 a. m.
5:00 p. m. Ar. Denver, Ar. 1:30 a. m.	5:00 p. m. Ar. Denver, Ar. 1:30 a. m.	5:00 p. m. Ar. Denver, Ar. 1:30 a. m.	5:00 p. m. Ar. Denver, Ar. 1:30 a. m.
11:00 a. m. Ar. La Junta, Ar. 7:25 a. m.	11:00 a. m. Ar. La Junta, Ar. 7:25 a. m.	11:00 a. m. Ar. La Junta, Ar. 7:25 a. m.	11:00 a. m. Ar. La Junta, Ar. 7:25 a. m.
6:00 p. m. Ar. Dodge City, Ar. 12:30 a. m.	6:00 p. m. Ar. Dodge City, Ar. 12:30 a. m.	6:00 p. m. Ar. Dodge City, Ar. 12:30 a. m.	6:00 p. m. Ar. Dodge City, Ar. 12:30 a. m.
7:50 a. m. Ar. Kansas City, Ar. 1:30 p. m.	7:50 a. m. Ar. Kansas City, Ar. 1:30 p. m.	7:50 a. m. Ar. Kansas City, Ar. 1:30 p. m.	7:50 a. m. Ar. Kansas City, Ar. 1:30 p. m.
9:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago, Ar. 12:40 a. m.	9:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago, Ar. 12:40 a. m.	9:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago, Ar. 12:40 a. m.	9:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago, Ar. 12:40 a. m.
* On Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday No. 22's connection will leave Santa Fe at 5:30 p. m.			

GOING WEST

No. 22.	No. 17.	No. 1.
3:30 p. m. 7:35 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 7:15 p. m. 7:15 p. m.		
5:00 p. m. 12:50 a. m. Ar. Las Vegas. Lv. 3:30 p. m. 1:10 p. m.		
8:20 a. m. 4:30 a. m. Ar. Raton. Lv. 12:15 p. m. 9:20 a. m.		
9:20 a. m. 6:05 a. m. Ar. Trinidad. Lv. 10:30 a. m. 7:15 a. m.		
10:40 a. m. 6:28 a. m. Ar. El Moro. Lv. 10:45 a. m. 8:59 a. m.		
12:30 p. m. 3:40 p. m. Ar. Pueblo. Lv. 7:30 a. m.		
2:32 p. m. 4:30 p. m. Ar. Col. Springs. Lv. 6:00 a. m.		
5:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m. Ar. Denver. Lv. 3:20 a. m.		
8:05 a. m. 9:05 a. m. Ar. La Junta. Lv. 7:25 a. m. 4:25 a. m.		
3:50 p. m. 3:50 p. m. Ar. Dodge City. Lv. 12:55 a. m. 9:40 p. m.		
6:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. Ar. Kansas City. Lv. 2:30 p. m. 11:20 a. m.		
9:00 p. m. 9:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago. Lv. 2:45 a. m. 10:30 p. m.		
On Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.		